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BY THE GOVERNOR.

A THANKSGIVING PROCLAMATION.

The recurrence of each autumnal season, bringing anew the substantial tokens of Divine favor, reminds us that we should render to Almighty God public acknowledgment of our gratitude for His manifold blessings.

Now, therefore, I, William E. Smith, Governor of the State of Wisconsin, do hereby appoint **Thursday, the 24th day of November**, instant, as a day of Public Thanksgiving and Praise. Let the day be observed by the suspension of public and private business, and by the holding of appropriate religious services and social festivities.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the Great Seal of the State of Wisconsin to be affixed.

(Great Seal) Done at the city of Madison, this seventh day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand, eight hundred and eighty-one.

WILLIAM E. SMITH.
By the Governor:
HANS B. WARREN, Secretary of State.

It is a pity that Mississippi hasn't got a Mahone.

The little man in the United States Senate fought the biggest political battle in 1881 and won.

There is a growing scarcity of five-cent nickels, and an order will soon be issued for the resumption of their coinage.

It appears that there will not be a vestige left of the Garfield cabinet after Congress meets. Even Lincoln, whom no one thought would leave, expects to retire.

The odds and ends of the recent election amount to a good deal to the Republicans. They will not lose a Senator in New York, and will gain one in New Jersey.

The country has had all it wants of MacVeagh. A cabinet officer can't stand fire when star route thieves are on trial, should be relegated to private life, and there remain.

Guineau's trial began in Washington to-day. The country will be anxious for the result, and to know whether or no an egotistical, brainless fool who killed a President that he might become notorious, will be sent to an asylum instead of the gallows.

Frequent references have been made to the splendid administration of Commissioner Rana, of the Internal Revenue bureau, and as a further proof of his ability and efficiency it may be said that he has collected 600 million dollars, and not a dollar has been lost by defalcation.

Mrs. John Jacob Astor is about eighty, and yet there is no woman in New York who loves the glitter of diamonds and other precious stones more than she. She has nearly \$300,000 worth, and the most valuable part of them were worn by her at the ball recently given in that city to the French and German guests.

It is said that the Thanksgiving proclamation of Governor Long, of Massachusetts, is made up of four text of scripture, and a hymn. The most original proclamation of the kind ever issued in the United States, and the shortest, was one issued by Governor Marcy, of New York. It contained nine words only, beside the signature and date.

In the newly-elected Wisconsin Legislature the Republicans will have 82 majority on joint ballot. *Chicago Journal.*

The Journal is a little too high with its majority for the Republicans. So far as it is now known, there are 87 Republicans in the Legislature and 46 Democrats, which would make the Republican majority 41. Quite enough for all practical purposes.

General Grant has been charged with saying that Mr. Blaine was not fit for the cabinet, and therefore President Arthur will make other arrangements for a Secretary of State. The President and Mr. Blaine are warm personal friends, and no disposition has been shown on the part of the President to ask for the Secretary's resignation. But the latter does not desire to hold a cabinet position any longer. The honor is of trifling importance to him, beside his private business which demands his time and care and which he does not propose to neglect.

The Louisville Courier Journal wants this shouted all along the lines—"A tariff for revenue only," and reminds the Democrats that all who do not like the cry can quit. That battle-cry will make thousands of Democrats quit voting the Democratic ticket. The Republicans could not desire a pleasanter pastime than that of defeating the Democratic party on that issue. There is no hope that the Democratic party will ever endorse a proposition which will benefit the working classes or the manufacturing interests of this country. It would not be Democratic if it did.

All sort of excuses are being made for the loss of the New York Legislature to the Republicans. No doubt Republican apathy contributed somewhat to that loss, and likewise weak Republican nominations. But there is another thing which operated against Republican success in the Senate and Assembly district—that of running opposing Republican candidates, one representing the Conkling faction and the other the anti-Conkling faction. Such bull-headedness as this gave the Democrats the control of the Legislature. It is about time that the leaders of these factions quit politics altogether, and let the true Republicans of New York manage the affairs of the party. When this is done there will be no

quarreling in the party, and the State will always be Republican. The party is not strong enough in any State to run more than one set of candidates, and the selfish and strong-headed leaders in New York ought to appreciate this important fact and act accordingly.

Although the Hon. E. B. Washburne is close on to seventy, he is still a hard student, and within the past few months has completed the life of Edward Coles, the second Governor of Illinois. It is a remarkable book by a remarkable man, and gives a graphic account of the exciting struggle on the question of slavery when that great battle was fought in Illinois fifty years ago. It is one of the most interesting and valuable contributions to American history we have had since the publication of Isaac N. Arnold's life of Benedict Arnold. Mr. Washburne does not propose to rest until even though he has reached the allotted age of man.

NEWS OF THE DAY.

The Election Returns Steadily Increase the Republican Majority in Wisconsin.

The Preparations for the Trial of the Assassin, Guiteau.

The German Oak Society, of Brooklyn, Plant a Tree in Honor of Garfield's Memory.

The Contemplated Resignation of Hon. C. B. Farwell, of the Third Illinois District.

The Appletons Refuse to Print Ingersoll's Religious Writings.

Forty-one Persons Killed by an Explosion in an Italian Sulphur Mine.

Four Persons Killed by a Boiler Explosion in Milwaukee, Michigan.

Death of the Wife of the Tragedian, Edwin Booth, in New York.

A Bewitching Lady of Canada Sues a Lawyer for Damages.

The Pugilists Preparing for the Great Fight at Long Point.

The Robbery of the Northwestern Railway Ticket Agent at Appleton.

Other Interesting State and Miscellaneous News Items.

THE RESULT IN WISCONSIN.

MADISON, Wis., Nov. 12.—As returns come in they increase the Republican majority in Wisconsin, as it is estimated that the majority for the lowest candidate on the Republican ticket will be 8,000, and that the highest will exceed 12,000. Rusk, for Governor, will receive 10,000 majority. The Senate will be twenty-three Republicans and ten Democrats; the Assembly, fifty-nine Republicans, thirty-nine Democrats, and three Independents. This is all the majority in each House of the Legislature necessary for the good of any party, and is really better than a larger one. The Temperance vote will reach about 15,000, and the Greenback will not exceed 4,000. These figures approximate the real result of the recent election in Wisconsin, and they ought to be very satisfactory to the Republicans of the State.

DOWN ON INGERSOLL.

The Appletons Refuse to Print His Religious Writings.

New York, Nov. 12.—It has been rumored that, owing to the publication in the last number of the North American Review of an article by Robert G. Ingersoll, which the firm of D. Appleton & Co. regarded as blasphemous, the North American Review's connection with that house would cease at once. Mr. Metcalf, the business manager of the Review, said this morning that the Messrs. Appleton had requested that the present arrangement by which their name appears upon the cover of the Review as publishers should come to an end. No mention of Ingersoll's article had been made on either side, and the North American Review will find quarters elsewhere at once. Nothing could be learned from the Messrs. Appleton as to their reasons in severing their nominal connection with the Review. It was reported among publishers that many friends of members of the firm had written to remonstrate with them concerning Ingersoll's article, and that they had decided not to allow their name to remain upon a publication over which they had no control whatever. The Appleton family belongs to the Protestant Episcopal church.

GARFIELD'S MEMORY.

The German Oak Society of Brooklyn Plants a Tree in Honor of It.

New York, Nov. 13.—The James A. Garfield Oak society, formed almost entirely of Germans residing in the eastern district of Brooklyn, met to-day at Cypress Hill cemetery to plant an oak in memory of the martyred President. A procession of 1,200 men, including members of the Grand Army of the Republic, Sixteenth ward battery, German Schutzbund, John Blum Association, the Nineteenth Ward Battery, Veteran cadets, and Soldiers and Sailors' Union, started at 11 o'clock for the cemetery. Arriving at the spot set apart for the oak, the exercises began by an air by the military band, followed by a song by the Schutzbund. Then followed a German oration by Herr Thumann, and the ceremonies ended with a dirge. The throng of spectators at the cemetery was immense, and the deepest interest was manifested in the proceedings. The members of the various societies wore badges bearing the words "We mourn our loss," and all were dressed in uniform. Colonel Stegman, of the German Oak society, and the colonel and Garfield, and showed how much alike they were, and how from humble beginnings they had risen to become leaders of the great American Nation. Colonel Stegman spoke also in eloquent terms of the soldier life of President Garfield.

BURST BOILERS.

Terrible Boiler Explosion at Zilwaukee, Wis.—The Loss of Life and Other Damage.

EAST SAIGON, Michigan, November 13.—One of the most terrible accidents that has happened in the Saginaw Valley in some years occurred at 4:15 o'clock this morning at the mill of Hamilton, McClure & Co., situated a short distance below Zilwaukee, about six miles from this city. The boilers, ten in number, exploded with terrific effect, leveling the large brick boiler-house and a brick chimney that was over 100 feet high to the ground, not one brick remaining upon the other, but strewn in all directions. The mill building was also much shattered, and the scene presented on a visit to the spot was one of destruction. The boilers were used during the night in furnishing steam to the salt block, and but four men (firemen) were at work about the premises, and every one of these were killed.

Blanchard was blown a distance of fully two hundred feet, and was found on the logs in the boom, stripped naked. Michael Lebeau, who was in charge as head fireman, was buried beneath a pile of bricks, etc., and was not taken out until an hour after, when he was found to be dying.

The other two were found about ten feet from the boilers, terribly scalded, the body of Joseph Lebeau being badly mutilated.

The funeral will be held to-morrow. The explosion can only be attributed to low water in the boilers. The damage will not fall short of \$15,000. The mill is one of the most complete on the river.

MRS. EDWIN BOOTH.

New York, Nov. 13.—Edwin Booth's wife died at 4 o'clock this afternoon after a long and painful illness at the residence of her parents, No. 13 West Fifty-third street. Funeral services will be held here prior to the removal of the remains to Chicago.

She returned from Europe on the 28th of last June. Her removal was absolutely necessary, and Mr. Booth hoped it would prolong her life. On this account he cancelled all his contracts in England and returned home.

ASSAULT AND ROBBERY.

OSHKOSH, Nov. 13.—Charles Smith, bookkeeper and ticket agent of the Chicago & Northwestern railway at Appleton, was seriously assaulted as he was leaving the office late Saturday night by three fellows. He made a determined resistance, but was relieved of his watch in the struggle. The party made his escape, but one of them was apprehended to-day and lodged in jail. Smith is confined to his room in consequence of his injuries. The fellows were evidently bent on robbing the office.

BORDEN, SELLER & CO., CHICAGO, SELL THE BEST AND CHEAPEST CAR STARTER MADE.

With it one can move a freight car.

THE PRIZE RING.

New York, Nov. 13.—Frank White, of New York, and George Holden, of England, the pugilists who are matched to fight on Wednesday next at Longpoint, Canada, for \$5,000 and the featherweight championship of America, started for the battle ground this evening at seven o'clock on the Erie road. At Erie, Pa., they will proceed by specially chartered steamboat. The two were accompanied by their backers and seconds. James Johnston is Holden's backer, and White is backed by Mr. McGowan. It is understood that Patsy Shepler, of Boston, and Billy Edwards, of this city, started last evening, will be White's seconds. Dooney Harris and Arthur Chambers went on to second Holden. George Rooke and Paddy Ryan also started for the battle-ground last evening.

EXPLOSIONS.

In a Sulphur Mine.

ROME, Nov. 13.—Forty persons were killed and forty-one wounded by an explosion of gas in a sulphur mine at Gesolungo, near Catania.

HAMBURG, Nov. 13.—The gas-house was destroyed by an explosion. Three persons were killed and six injured.

THE BEWITCHING LADY.

She Wants the Ceremony to Proceed.

OTTAWA, Nov. 13.—The bewitching young lady who nearly entrapped a city lawyer into marrying her, the ceremony having actually begun when friends of the groom interfered, has sufficiently recovered from the shock to her nervous system to take proceedings against him. She has retained counsel, and demands the carrying out of the nuptial ceremony which was so unceremoniously broken up. She claims that she has been slandered, but confesses to being a little eccentric and indiscreet. In an interview with a reporter she asserted that it was not "filthy lucre" that she wanted; it was her rights and an opportunity to vindicate her character. Whatever the woman's faults may be, it is quite evident that she has occupied a higher social position. She is highly educated, and displays wonderful conversational powers. Her name having been mentioned in connection with certain high dignitaries, she has taken steps to prove the utter falsity of the rumors. Should the case ever come into court some very interesting developments will in all probability be made.

A World of Good.

One of the most popular medicines now before the American public is Hop Bitters. You see it everywhere. People take it with good effect. It builds them up. It is not as pleasant to the taste as some other Bitters, but it is not a whiskey drink. It is more like the old fashioned bone set tea that has done a world of good. If you don't feel just right try Hop Bitters.—*Nunda News.*

STARANGE CHARACTER.

GREEN BAY, Nov. 10.—Sergeant John Hamm died this morning, aged 80 years. He came here to "old Fort Howard" as a soldier in the year 1820. He has served twenty-five years in the regular army, and during sixty-one years' residence was never out from town but once.

Palpitation of the Heart.

J. M. MIGHT, Syracuse, N. Y., writes: "When I first commenced using your Broomer Blood Bitters I was troubled with fluttering and palpitation of the heart. I felt weak and languid, with a numbness of the limbs; since using, my heart has not troubled me and the numbing sensation is all gone." Price \$1.00, trial size 10 cents.

Sold by A. J. Roberts and Sherer & Co.

GETTING READY.

The Preparations for the Trial of Guiteau.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 13.—Carpenters were busy yesterday putting the Criminal Court-room in condition for the Guiteau trial, which commences to-morrow. A temporary board floor was laid in the space between the railing and the main entrance, about two feet above the main floor. On this will be placed all the chairs that can be conveniently located. It is the intention of the marshal to seat everybody admitted to the chamber, and when all the chairs are occupied no further admissions will be allowed.

Objection having been made to the crowding of persons about the entrance to the bar, the marshal is determined to obviate this objection by seating every person allowed within the court room. No favoritism will be shown in respect to admissions, but those coming first will enjoy the privilege of admission. For the benefit of the press and counsel, additional tables will be provided. In order to avoid the imposition of bogus newspaper men, the marshal will require all parties representing themselves as reporters, and not known to him as such, to produce their credentials before being admitted to the seats for the press. He deems this the best course to pursue to protect the newspaper fraternity and himself.

Humbugged Again.

I saw so much said about the merits of Hop Bitters, and my wife, who was always doctoring, and never well, teased me so urgently to get her some I concluded to be humbugged again; and I am glad I did, for in less than two months' use of the Bitters my wife was cured, and she has remained so for eighteen months since. I like such humbugging.—H. T., St. Paul.

HON. C. B. FARWELL.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 13.—According to report another vacancy on the Republican side of the House of Representatives is not impossible, shortly after the meeting of Congress. The Hon. C. B. Farwell, of the Third Illinois district, comprising the north side of the city of Chicago and the adjoining county, is said to be seriously contemplating resignation. It is understood that he would have resigned some weeks ago but for the fact that the House is so evenly divided that he concluded he should at least remain and participate in the organization, having decided that it was not absolutely safe to trust to the fate of election to choose his successor. As it is he may resign about November 15, provided the health of his brother does not improve. The poor health of his brother Simon Farwell, who has conducted the business of the great wholesale dry goods house of the firm in Chicago, is the cause of his consideration of the necessity of retiring from politics. It is understood that Mr. Simon Farwell's friends if he will be able in future to devote himself to business.

Despised.

By the unthinking, Burdock has been considered a weed, and its luxuriant growth, unpleasant smell, etc., has rendered it to those "back knowing" virtues, a nuisance, and yet the root has long been acknowledged by savants as most invaluable as a diuretic, aperient and blood purifier. Burdock Blood Bitters embody all its good qualities. Price \$1.00, trial size 10 cents.

For sale by A. J. Roberts and Sherer & Co.

Have you Catarrh? "Dr. Sykes' Sure Cure" is an unfailing remedy. Have you heard of it?

MISCELLANEOUS.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER.

Absolutely Pure.

Made from Grape Cream Tartar. No other proper name makes such light, flaky hot breads, or luxuriant cakes. Can be eaten by Dyspeptics without harm. Sold only in cans, by all Grocers.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

FURNITURE!

Having, with the Janesville Furniture Company, purchased the entire retail stock of M. Hanson & Co., on the lake, together with the good will of said firm, we shall hereafter give our customers home made goods from their factory. Our stock is now immense and complete in every department. We are determined to give our customers better figures now than ever before. Thanking the public generally for their liberal patronage, and by fair and square dealing, we hope for a continuance and increase of the same.

BRITTON & KIMBALL.

UNDERTAKING!

Every Facility for Preserving the Dead—Sixty Years' Experience.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

BRITTON & KIMBALL.

NEXT DOOR TO POST OFFICE.

6-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-32-33-34-35-36-37-38-39-40-41-42-43-44-45-46-47-48-49-50-51-52-53-54-55-56-57-58-59-60-61-62-63-64-65-66-67-68-69-70-71-72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84-85-86-87-88-89-90-91-92-93-94-95-96-97-98-99-100-101-102-103-104-105-106-107-108-109-110-111-112-113-114-115-116-117-118-119-120-121-122-123-124-125-126-127-128-129-130-131-132-133-134-135-136-137-138-139-140-141-142-143-144-145-146-147-148-149-150-151-152-153-154-155-156-157-158-159-160-161-162-163-164-165-166-167-168-169-170-171-172-173-174-175-176-177-178-179-180-181-182-183-184-185-186-187-188-189-190-191-192-193-194-195-196-197-198-199-200-201-202-203-204-205-206-207-208-209-210-211-212-213-214-215-216-217-218-219-220-221-222-223-224-225-226-227-228-229-230-231-232-233-234-235-236-237-238-239-240-241-242-243-244-245-246-247-248-249-250-251-252-253-254-255-256-257-258-259-260-261-262-263-264-265-266-267-268-269-270-271-272-273-274-275-276-277-278-279-280-281-282-283-284-285-286-287-288-289-290-291-292-293-294-295-296-297-298-299-300-301-302-303-304-305-306-307-308-309-310-311-312-313-314-315-316-317-318-319-320-321-322-323-324-325-326-327-328-329-330-331-332-333-334-335-336-337-338-339-340-341-342-343-344-345-346-347-348-349-350-351-352-353-354-355-356-357-358-359-360-361-362-363-364-365-366-367-368-369-370-371-372-373-374-375-376-377-378-379-380-381-382-383-384-385-386-387-388-389-390-391-392-393-394-395-396-397-398-399-400-401-402-403-404-405-406-407-408-409-410-411-412-413-414-415-416-417-418-419-420-421-422-423-424-425-426-427-428-429-430-431-432-433-434-435-436-437-438-439-440-441-442-443-444-445-446-447-448-449-450-451-452-453-454-455-456-457-458-459-460-461-462-463-464-465-466-467-468-469-470-471-472-473-474-475-476-477-478-479-480-481-482-483-484-485-486-487-488-489-490-491-492-493-494-495-496-497-498-499-500-501-502-503-504-505-506-507-508-509-510-511-512-513-514-515-516-517-518-519-520-521-522-523-524-525-526-527-528-529-530-531-532-533-534-535-536-537-538-539-540-541-542-543-544-545-546-547-548-549-550-551-552-553-554-555-556-557-558-559-560-561-562-563-564-565-566-567-568-569-570-571-572-573-574-575-576-577-578-579-580-581-582-583-584-585-586-587-588-589-590-591-592-593-594-595-596-597-598-599-600-601-602-603-604-605-606-607-608-609-610-611-612-613-614-615-616-617-618-619-620-621-622-623-624-625-626-627-628-629-630-631-632-633-634-635-636-637-638-639-640-641-642-643-644-645-646-647-648-649-650-651-652-653-654-655-656-657-658-659-660-661-662-663-664-665-666-667-668-669-670-671-672-673-674-675-676-677-678-679-680-681-682-683-684-685-686-687-688-689-690-691-692-693-694-695-696-697-698-699-700-701-702-703-704-705-706-707-708-709-710-711-712-713-714-715-716-717-718-719-720-721-722-723-724-725-726-727-728-729-730-731-732-733-734-735-736-737-738-739-740-741-742-743-744-745-746-747-748-749-750-751-752-753-754-755-756-757-758-759-760-761-762-763-764-765-766-767-768-769-770-771-772-773-774-775-776-777-778-779-780-781-782-783-784-785-786-787-788-789-790-791-792-793-794-795-796-797-798-799-800-801-802-803-804-805-806-807-808-809-810-811-812-813-814-815-816-817-818-819-820-821-822-823-824-825-826-827-828-829-830-831-832-833-834-835-836-837-838-839-840-841-842-843-844-845-846-847-848-849-850-851-852-853-854-855-856-857-858-859-860-861-862-863-864-865-866-867-868-869-870-871-872-873-874-875-876-877-878-879-880-881-882-883-884-885-886-887-888-889-890-891-892-893-894-895-896-897-898-899-900-901-902-903-904-905-906-907-908-909-910-911-912-913-914-915-916-917-918-919-920-921-922-923-924-925-926-927-928-929-930-931-932-933-934-935-936-937-938-939-940-941-942-943-944-945-946-947-948-949-950-951-952-953-954-955-956-957-958-959-960-961-962-963-964-965-966-967-968-969-970-971-972-973-974-975-976-977-978-979-980-981-982-983-984-985-986-987-988-989-990-991-992-993-994-995-996-997-998-999-1000-1001-1002-1003-1004-1005-1006-1007-1008-1009-1010-1011-1012-1013-1014-1015-1016-1017-1018-1019-1020-1021-1022-1023-1024-1025-1026-1027-1028-1029-1030-1031-1032-1033-1034-1035-1036-1037-1038-1039-1040-1041-1042-1043-1044-1045-1046-1047-1048-1049-1050-1051-1052-1053-1054-1055-1056-1057-1058-1059-1060-1061-1062-1063-1064-1065-1066-1067-1068-1069-1070-1071-1072-1073-1074-1075-1076-1077-1078-1079-1080-1081-1082-1083-1084-1085-1086-1087-1088

OUR DEAD PRESIDENT.

Who has the little word,
When every heart is dead,
With sorrow too deep for words to tell?
Yet, as amid Death's gloom,
Friends whisper of the one who has been,
We speak of him who lived and died so well.

Night reigned beside the bed,
When morning came to tell,
Long waiting heart, so patient and so brave,
Lies still upon thy bed,
Rain ceased forevermore,
Back to its Maker did the life He gave.

Like messengers in quest,
They started from the land,
Two tidal waves of sorrow round the world,
Millions of eyes were wet,
Before the tidings came,
Where on the Eastern seas our lags are set.

Quickly, through throbbing wire,
Two waves of sorrow also,
Two waves of sorrow also,
Men mourned and could not sleep,
For, passing from the world,
All hearts that knew were ringing funeral knells.

Wives gazed in husbands' eyes,
And tears would slowly rise,
For her who fought with Death so long,
And whose death was so brave,
And whose death was so brave,
And whose death was so brave.

On all the shadow falls,
It hushes cold halls,
It hushes cold halls,
It hushes cold halls,
It hushes cold halls,
It hushes cold halls.

Like him, the Crucified,
He who made the world the better for his pain;
Our leader was laid low,
To lift the Nation to a higher plane.

Why as once he said,
"The Lord still reigns, the country is secure,"
The Lord still reigns, the country is secure,
The Lord still reigns, the country is secure,
The Lord still reigns, the country is secure,
The Lord still reigns, the country is secure.

THE POSTMAN'S STORY.

Traversing the same streets every day,
One came to look upon familiar faces as those of his friends,
I have no idea that the occupants of the handsome houses on Beverly Street
ever dream that they are anything to me;
and I am sure the poor people of Clarence Place
would be surprised to learn that they are my friends; but it is so, nevertheless.

Beverly Street and Clarence Place! The most imposing avenue and the humblest lane! And strange as it may seem, they almost run into each other, they are so very near.

It was early in October that I first noticed the new occupants of No. 15; and each morning afterward I saw a little girl of about eleven years, with a woman who seemed to be her nurse, sitting upon the doorsteps, apparently waiting for some one. A peculiarly thoughtful child she seemed to be, for she generally sat with her head a little inclined and her eyes downcast. As I came along one day, she called out to me, in a clear little voice:

"Would you like to know what I'm doing?"

"Yes," I said.

"I'm guessing steps. I'm guessing every one who goes by. Bessie tells me I'm right. Now, I guess you're the postman."

"Why don't you look up and see if you are right?" said I, noticing that she still seemed to be studying the ground.

The nurse put her arm around her, as if to shield her from something; but the little girl answered, brightly:

"How stupid! I keep forgetting that everybody doesn't know I am blind."

She raised her head. Her face, with the exception of the eyes, was sweet and pleasant to look upon. Her revelation so astonished me that, for a moment, I forgot myself, and stood looking down upon her with a pitying stare, which it was well that she did not see.

"But it is the postman. Isn't it, Bessie?" she asked of the dignified nurse.

"Yes, darlin'."

"Haven't you a letter for me? For Miss Angie (or perhaps they'd put it in the letter box for me)?"

"Well," she said, resignedly, "it will come. I must wait. People always have to wait for things. Don't they?"

"Mostly," I answered, surprised at her womanly tone.

"They always do. When you get a letter directed to Miss Angie (or Angie), Trowbridge, you'll remember where to bring it. Won't you?"

I promised and went my way. A few days afterward the letter came—a bulky document, with two stamps upon it. Angie sat upon the door-step, as usual, listening for me. This time she was alone.

"I don't have to guess who you are now," she said. "I know. I can tell your step from the corner, your boots make such a nice, quick click upon the pavement."

"And can you guess what I have in my hand?"

"Of course, I can. It's my letter, from my darling Aunt Lizzie."

and then laughed heartily at myself for my foolishness.

One morning she met me with a brighter smile than usual. "Bessie and I are going to walk a piece with you," she said. "We're going to wait at all the gates and doorsteps for you, and Bessie will see that I'm not in your way."

I walked along, making the quick, clicking sound she liked so well. She imitated the same with her stout little heels, laughing gaily. The cool wind blew her curls and gave a bright color to her cheeks. "This is fun!" she cried. "It is ever so much better than riding; but I have to ride sometimes, because papa keeps so many horses."

"Don't you like it?" I asked.

"I get tired of it. I know the carriage all by heart. Mama tells me what we pass; but I can't see the things—with my fingers, you know. I like things best that I can see."

"Just here we turned into Clarence Place."

"Perhaps you had better go back now," I said.

"Why?" she asked.

"I looked at Bessie. 'I think, darlin', said she, 'that you'd better keep on the broad street. It's nice to walk in. It has smooth, wide pavements for your feet. This place hasn't even a curbstone. It would trip you up.'"

"But why don't they put smooth pavements here?"

"Oh, because it's such a narrow little place and the people haven't much money."

"Bessie," said the little maid, authoritatively, "take my hand. This is just the place where I want to go."

Now it happened that my walk this morning took me to the very end of the place. I had a letter (a check, I imagine) from Messrs. Frost & Co. to Mrs. Dibley who sewed for me. I knew the poor woman would be glad to get it, for work had been scarce of late and times were hard.

And little Stella, the crippled daughter, would be glad, too. Poor child! she had been shut up in one room for a year. That room was her little world, and her mother's face was the light of it. When that face was clouded, her sky was dark, indeed.

The pale, childish features came so vividly to my mind that I forgot for a moment that Angie was trying to keep up with me; but the little lady was in no mood to be ignored.

"This is a horrid blurry place to walk in!" she cried. "What do you go so fast for?"

"Because I am in a hurry to give Stella's mother her letter."

"Who is Stella, and who is her mother?"

"Yes, quite sure." And then I told her, as well as I could, of poor Mrs. Dibley's hard fortune and of Stella's affliction.

The latter moved her strangely. Her color went and came, and it was with difficulty that she kept back the tears.

"We reached the house. 'Will you wait for me here?' I asked, one foot upon the rickety staircase which I must ascend."

"No. I'll go with you. I want to see Stella."

But here Bessie interposed, to some purpose: "You know what mother says, darlin'. You're never to set foot in a house without leave. You remember that?"

"It was a hard struggle. For a moment the sweet face grew red and almost angry; but Angie loved her mother dearly, and love conquered."

"We'll go right home and ask her, if you'll—But how stupid! Of course, you can't wait. Well, I must wait," with her little shrug of resignation.

"Some time I shall see Stella. I know I shall. You'll let me come again with you to-morrow, if mamma says 'Yes.' Won't you?"

"I will let you see Stella, if I can," I answered. I felt some little hesitation about introducing strangers to Mrs. Dibley, who had seen better days and was sensitive to an almost foolish degree.

But, unfortunately, the next day there was no letter for Clarence Place, and the morning afterward I was taken sick. It proved to be nothing but a heavy cold, but it laid me up for a week or more. When I found myself upon my feet again, it seemed as if we had stopped to another season, as, indeed, we had. The air was keen and frosty and the gutters were full of fallen leaves. As I passed a flaming maple tree, I picked a cluster of bright beauties for Stella, thinking, with a sigh, of the other little friend, who could never know their loveliness. I hoped to find her waiting for me, as before; but she was nowhere to be found.

But Bessie's good-natured face was visible; so I hurried along to Clarence Place. I ran quickly up the stairs; but, before I had time to give the "postman's rap," Mrs. Dibley appeared upon the threshold.

"Ah! I knew you," she said, pleasantly.

"I inquired for Stella, producing my leaves. She opened the door and I walked in. Time was precious with me; but, for what, I lost more than half a second in silent, stupid staring. There sat Stella, propped up upon the lounge, as usual; but it was such a happy little face that she turned toward me that I could hardly have recognized it elsewhere, while close beside her, holding one of the thin hands, sat Angie. How the little witch had managed to make herself so perfectly at home was a mystery to me; and not less strange it was that the handsome old-fashioned nurse stood looking with a face half-pleased, half-sad upon the two.

"O—h!" screamed Stella, as she saw me. "It's my postman!"

"Then it's my postman, too," cried Angie. "This is our postman, mamma. He's come back, just as I said he would."

"Oh, but he will when he gets ready. We must wait. Let me see your pretty leaves, please, Stella."

And I left them admiring the beauty which Mrs. Trowbridge was trying to explain to them.

Now it came to pass that Angie's gentle, loving companionship brought so much brightness into Stella's sheltered life that both little girls seemed quite content with it. They shone every day as if they had received a benediction. So it went on for a month or more. Then, as I opened the door of the Dibley tenement one day, I was surprised to find Stella in tears.

"Don't fret over it, dear," her mother was saying. "She knows you can't do it. She doesn't look for anything."

Stella wept on, though she gradually forced voice to tell me the cause of her distress.

"Angie gives me so much," she sobbed. "Candy and books, and a cake for my birthday, and everything. Now her is coming, and I can't give her a thing."

So the oppression of obligation had come to little Stella, the longing to give in the "more blessed" which is certainly the more agreeable part. She had not yet learned (what many an older person has never grown large enough to find out) that "he who takes for love's sweet sake" may sometimes prove himself even more generous than he who gives. No, Stella was too young to take this comfort to herself, and her childish longing was very natural. My own heart was sore for her.

As I went my way that day, and I put myself to thinking if some way might not be yet devised for her to make an acceptable birthday gift. She could sew only a little bit. Moreover, her sewing "wasn't nice," as she herself informed me. While I was puzzling my brains with a vain effort to think of some pretty little useless thing, which Angie might value as a keepsake, the letter of "darling Aunt Lizzie" came suddenly into my mind and suggested an idea. The list of books which Angie could read was necessarily short. Why couldn't Stella add one to the collection by picking off a nice little story for her upon good, stiff paper?

The more I thought of my plan the more it grew in favor with me. I even stopped in at Mrs. Moore's on my way home to dinner, to look at nice wrapping paper—that seeming to me the most suitable, as well as the least expensive. Finding just what I wanted, I wended my way again to the Dibley tenement and briefly made known my project.

I was to cut the leaves and write the story, which Stella would select, in as plain and simple a way as possible, to be to pick every letter through, very carefully. This, I explained, would not be an easy task, as all the picking must be done from the under side of the paper; but difficulties only made Stella more anxious to begin.

"But the story! the story!" she cried. "What shall I choose?"

I suggested one or two, which were very nice ones.

"She's heard those. She's heard everything. Her mother reads to her every day." (And here Stella's face clouded.) "We could never hit upon anything that she had not heard."

Here was a dilemma, for we were both anxious that Angie should have something new. Stella sat thoughtful for a moment. Then she said, eagerly: "Could you write her a story, Mr. Keller? Something entirely out of your own head?"

The idea of my writing a story seemed so very absurd that I couldn't help laughing, but Stella persisted.

"You could write about something that happened to you when you were a boy. Things did happen to you, didn't they? Oh! a real, true story would be just splendid!"

And so all at once I found myself transformed into an author. Remembering sundry amusing escapades of my youthful days, I decided to put them to paper, making of them four thrilling tales, to each of which I gave an appropriate name. These I submitted to Stella's approval, which she graciously gave. She also christened the book for me. It was to appear under this imposing title: "True Tales of a Postman's Boyhood."

Well, the leaves were cut and the stories written. Then came Stella's work of picking them in. This was no small undertaking, and the difficulty was increased by the frequent visits of the blind girl herself, who seemed to "count each day lost" of which she did not spend some portion with her poor little friend.

"And I wouldn't" for the world take it out when she is here," said Stella, despatching.

Later, she said, "I will see everything, if she is blind."

But the evenings remained and Stella was diligent. Two days before the birthday the stories were ready. The little girl, closed her eyes and passed her hand complacently over her work.

"If fingers can see this," said she; and I thought so, too.

Out of a pretty pastboard box we made the covers, into one of which I propped the little witch, and another, when our work was finished, there was nothing about the book which the different colors of the leaves and covers and the bright little bows of ribbon which tied them together.

"And now," cried Stella, "let's do it up; but first you must write her name upon the wrapper, and I'll pick that in, too."

So the wrapper was carefully directed to "Miss Angie Trowbridge." Then, wrote in a corner these words: "A birthday gift from her friend, Stella."

When all this was pricked in the package was ready.

"Another whole night before to-morrow!" exclaimed Stella. "Dear me! I can't wait."

And I was scarcely less impatient. Of course it will seem very foolish to any sensible person, but I must confess that I slept very little that night, but morning came at last. As I turned into Beverly street I saw Angie at her gate, and I gave an extra emphasis to the "click" of my stout boot-heels, which she had learned to know so well.

She came at once to meet me. "Any letter for me to-day?"

"Believe not," said I, trying to speak truly, "but here is a mysterious package which has come into my hands. It is as funny as that letter you once showed me. See if you can make it out."

She took it eagerly (the unraveling of mysteries seemed always a keen pleasure to her) and passed her fingers over the wrapper. I watched her earnest, changing face, at first simply curious, then eager, then delighted.

"Something from Stella?" she cried. "A birthday gift. Isn't she good? Oh! Mr. Keller, could you stop just a moment, to untie it for me?"

I cut the string. With hands almost trembling with eagerness, she removed the wrapper. Her fingers saw the book, saw the leaves; scanned them as people's eyes are wont to do before read-

ing; then they read for her the title upon that cover.

"New stories for me. Stories that even mamma doesn't know. I can read to her now. Can't I? Oh! I thank Stella so much! I can never tell her half." And the enthusiastic little maiden put the book to her lips and kissed it.

Her childish gratitude so touched me that I could not speak for a moment. Before I could recover my voice the busy fingers had read the rest of the title.

"True Stories of a Postman's Boyhood." Oh! I hope you wrote them, Mr. Keller."

I pleaded guilty.

"Really, truly true?"

"She drew a long breath, as if the prospect of the coming enjoyment were too much for her. Then she took my hand and squeezed it tight."

"I can't think what make you all so good to me," she said, simply.

I had no letter for Clarence Place that morning; but toward twilight I found myself once more in Stella's little room. Perched upon one corner of the bed sat Angie, the precious book in her hand. Swiftly her small fingers passed over the lines, and very clear and sweet was the little voice which was reading the "True Tales" to a most sympathetic listener, Stella's enjoyment of the same seeming not a whit dampened by the fact that she had read them all before. They were so absorbed in the book that they knew nothing of my coming until I stood close beside them. Then I was received with a most complimentary enthusiasm.

"Oh! Mr. Keller," exclaimed Angie. "These stories are so interesting! We've just come to where you took the three kittens to church in your cap. It's too funny for anything."

Surely, never had blushing author more kindly appreciation or more gentle critics. And the thought of having been able to give pleasure to her little friend was such a keen delight to Stella that her eyes fairly danced with the joy of it; nor was Angie's speaking face less expressive of her pleasure at receiving such a token of love.

I left them together, Beverly Street and Clarence Place, bound more sweetly and closely for the afflictions which seemed to cloud their young lives.

And Angie's parents have come to feel a real interest in the lame girl. They cannot believe that hers is a hopeless case, and are agitating the question of an examination by a celebrated physician, in whom they have unbounded confidence.

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